Tarpin shooting the Ranger's Man
at the mouth of his Cave in the
Published for

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# THE LIFE
OF
# RICHARD TURPIN,
*A Notorious Highwayman.*

CONTAINING

A particular Account of his Adventures,

FROM HIS

Being firſt an Apprentice to a Butcher in Whitechapel, to his Execution at York for Horſe-ſtealing.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

# THE LIFE
OF
# SAWNEY BEANE,
*The Man-Eater.*

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# THE LIFE
## OF
# RICHARD TURPIN.

THE tranſactions of this moſt notorious offender made a greater noiſe in the world at the time they happened, than thoſe of almoſt any other malefactor whoſe life is recorded in the penal collection of this country; and as they were the cauſe of much alarm in the places where they were acted, a particular account of him may not be unwelcome to the reader.

Richard Turpin was born at Hempſtead, in Eſſex, where his father followed the occupation of a butcher with a fair reputation; and after being the uſual time at ſchool, he was bound apprentice to a butcher in Whitechapel; but did not ſerve out his time, for his maſter diſcharged him from his houſe for the brutality and egregious impropriety of his conduct, which was not in the leaſt diminiſhed by his parents' improper indulgence in ſupplying him with money, which enabled him to cut a ſwell round the town, among the blades of the road and turf, whoſe company he affected to keep.

His friends thinking that marriage and a ſettlement in life would bring him over from his irregular courſes, perſuaded him to marry, which he did with one Heſter Palmer, a young woman of a decent family of Eaſt Ham, in Eſſex; but he had not been long married before he fell into his old courſes again, and ſoon became acquainted with a gang whoſe depredations terrified the whole county of Eſſex, and the neighbourhood of London. Theſe depredations were not altogether ſufficient, it appears, to ſupport him in his extravagance; for he joined ſheep-ſtealing to footpad

robbery; and was at last obliged to fly from his situation for stealing a young heifer, which he killed, and cut up for sale.

Soon after this, he stole two oxen from one farmer Giles, of Plaistow, and drove them to a butcher's slaughtering house near Waltham Abbey. Giles's servants came to this place in pursuit of the cattle, and finding two carcasses cut up that answered the description of their master's property in size, and shrewdly suspecting Turpin, who did not deny being the owner of the goods, they made a strict search after the skins, which, when they had found, they had not the smallest doubt of his having stolen the identical heads of beast which they were in search of.

No doubt remaining who was the robber, a warrant was procured for his apprehension; but he soon got scent that the runners were in pursuit of him, and got off in time, before the peace officers could secure him. He made his escape out of the window of the house where he was just at the moment they were entering at the door.

Finding his situation at Waltham Abbey rather perilous, he retreated into the Hundreds of Essex, where he found greater security; and as he could not live long without a fresh supply of money, he hit upon a new scheme to support himself, and that was to rob the smugglers he happened to meet with in his road; but he took care not to attack a gang, only such solitary travellers as fell in his way; and then he did it with a colour of justice; for he constantly pretended to have a deputation from the customs, and so took their property in the King's name.

He got tired of this kind of business after a while; and the retirement to which he was condemned, in its pursuit, not suiting the volatility of his disposition, he connected himself with a gang of robbers, the principal part of whose depredations were committed upon Epping Forest, and the adjacent parts; but this business soon becoming an object of magisterial inquiry, he again returned to the solitude of the country, and

became a notorious deer-ſtealer; and being a good ſhot, he ſent many a buck up to his connections in London.

But this buſineſs, like the former, not ſucceeding to their expectation, they determined to commence houſe-breakers; and in this they were much encouraged by joining with Gregory's gang, as it was then called, a company of deſperadoes, that made the Eſſex and adjacent roads very dangerous to travel.

In theſe marauding expeditions they made many deſperate and ſucceſsful attempts: one in particular at the houſe of Mr. Strype, an old man who kept a chandler's ſhop at Watford, where they got a good booty; for they robbed the houſe of all the money and other valuables in it, but did not offer the poſſeſſor any perſonal abuſe; and this moderation was entirely owing to Turpin, who did not permit his comrades to proceed to violence, that his own character might not be charged with unneceſſary cruelty.

The reader will underſtand by theſe, and the following inſtances, the utility and advantage of the preſent improved arrangement of the police, which prevents, in a great meaſure, and brings to light the commitment of many atrocities which in thoſe times went often for the moſt part unpuniſhed.

In one night's time this gang robbed Chinkford and Barking churches of all the movables left in the veſtries; but the plate at both places being placed in the reſpective churchwardens' poſſeſſion, they got but an indifferent booty. Turpin eluded, with ſome of his companions, the ſearch that was made after them; but three were taken, one of whom turning evidence, the other two were tranſported to New England.

Notwithſtanding his character was pretty well blazed about, two months after this affair happened, he had the audacity to venture as far as Suſon, in Eſſex, whither his wife had retired, and here he lived unnoticed ſix months; but when his concealment was diſcovered, he made a quiet retreat by night, and nothing was heard of him until the robbery of Farmer

Laurence, when he joined with others called the Eſſex gang; the principals of whom were Ned Ruſt, George Gregory, Fielder, Roſe, and Wheeler. This Gregory was an old offender, and had robbed in conjunction with Dick Swift, both ſcholars of Jonathan Wild, who had but lately been hanged. Theſe followed deer-ſtealing in the day-time; but beginning to be too well known by the keepers, and not finding money come in ſo faſt as they expected, they formed themſelves into a body by Turpin's directions, and went round the country at night, and whatever houſe they knew had any value in it they marked. Their method was, one to knock at the door, which as ſoon as it was opened, the reſt ruſhed in and plundered; and ſuch was their impudence and connections, that they were not ſatisfied always with the money they found, plate, watches, or rings, but even took away the houſhold goods, if any ſuited them.

Somehow or other he became acquainted with the circumſtances of an old woman who lived at Loughton, that always kept a great quantity of ready caſh by her; whereupon Turpin and the gang agreed to rob her; and when they came to the door, Wheeler knocked at it, and Turpin and the reſt forcing their way into the houſe, blind-folded the eyes of the old woman and her maid, and tied the legs of her ſon, a well grown lad, to the bedſtead, and proceeded to rob the houſe; but not at firſt finding the wiſhed-for booty, they all ſet about a conſultation what to do to get at it; for they were certain ſhe muſt have a conſiderable ſum concealed ſomewhere or other about the houſe.

Turpin began to examine her where her money and effects were hid, telling her at the ſame time, that he knew ſhe had money, and it was in vain to deny it, for have it they would. The old gentlewoman being very loath to part with her money, perſiſted in it that ſhe had none, and would not declare any thing more of the matter; upon which ſome of the crew were inclinable to believe her, and were ſorry for their diſappoint-

ment; but Turpin as ſtrenuouſly inſiſting ſhe had money as ſhe that ſhe had none, he at laſt, with horrid oaths and imprecations, ſwore he would put her on the fire. She continued obſtinate for all that, imagining he meant only to threaten her; and ſo very fond was ſhe of her darling gold, that ſhe even ſuffered herſelf to be ſerved as he had declared, and endured it for ſome time; till the anguiſh at laſt forced her to make a diſcovery, which, when ſhe had done, they took her off the grate, and robbed her of all they could find. Some perſons talk of a much larger ſum, but it is certain they ſtole upwards of four hundred pounds, and decamped ſafely with the booty.

The next place they robbed was at Ripple-Side, near Barking, a Farmer's, where the people of the houſe not coming to the door ſo ſoon as they wanted them, they broke it open. They firſt of all, according to their old ſcheme, gagged, tied and blindfolded all that they found in the place capable of oppoſing them; and then robbed the houſe of about L.700 which delighted Turpin ſo much, that he exclaimed, "Aye, this is the thing: That's your ſort for the *rag**, if it would but laſt!"—and they ſafely retired with their prize, which amounted to above eighty pounds a man. This robbery was committed in the beginning of the year 1730.

This ſucceſs ſo much fluſhed Turpin and his aſſociates, that ſeveral others joined them, inſomuch that they became a formidable crew, and many times, when together, defied the legal authority of the magiſtrates; and their adroitneſs was ſuch, that they eſcaped detection for many months.

Some little time after, they determined to attack the houſe of Mr. Maſon, the keeper of Epping Foreſt, who was pitched upon to feel the effects of their reſentment for his former vigilance in diſturbing their poaching intruſions into his diſtrict. But Turpin was not concerned in this affair; for he happened at that time

* A cant term for money.

to be in London, where drinking too freely, he forgot his appointment; but the job was done without him, by Ruſt, Roſe, and Fielder, who previouſly bound themſelves together by oath not to leave a whole thing in the houſe. Fielder got over a wall, and broke in backwards, when letting in his companions, they proceeded to their buſineſs. Mr. Maſon was at home, ſiting up by the fire in his bed-room, with his father, an aged gentleman. After uſing their uſual means of tying their hands and feet, they aſked the old man if he knew them; but anſwering he did not, they carried him down into the kitchen, and put him under the dreſſer. Mr. Maſon had a ſack forced over his head, and tied round his waiſt; and in the flurry his little girl got out of bed, and, without any cloaths on, hid herſelf in the hog-ſtye.

Turpin's abſence from this expedition was a very unfortunate circumſtance to the foreſt keeper's family, for they proceeded to greater lengths in their miſchief than he would have permitted them had he been preſent; as he was always ſatisfied with the plunder, without adding cruelty to oppreſſion.

They now went up ſtairs, and broke every article of furniture in the houſe. The china and glaſs made a dreadful ringing: the chairs were piled upon the fire; looking glaſſes, drawers, and tables were beat to pieces with bed-poſts; while the beds and carpets were cut to pieces without remorſe.

This wanton havock yet produced them but little, beſides the brutal ſatisfaction of revenge; and they would have retired without a ſingle guinea, had it not been that, in the general wreck of every thing, a china punch bowl was broke, that ſtood a little out of the way upon an upper ſhelf, and out of it dropped 122 guineas and moidores, which they picked up, and retired with, after they had done as much miſchief as they poſſibly could, and got ſafe off, no doubt, very well ſatisfied with the ſevere retaliation they had made.

They then took the road to London; and coming through Whitechapel, they met Turpin, with whom

they went to the Bun-houſe in the Rope-fields, where they ſhared their booty with him, which proves the old adage, "there is honour among thieves;" though he had not taken an active part in the execution of the villainy.

The booties they had ſucceſſively made themſelves maſters of had not in the leaſt abated their ardour in the purſuit of more; for, like the miſer, the ſpendthrift felon is never ſatisfied; but the more he gets, the more he laviſhes; and though he does not ſecure any thing for a rainy day, takes every opportunity to get more; or, as ſome of the fraternity have been heard to ſay, they often rob for nothing elſe but "to keep their hands in."

The next robbery of note they committed was about ſeven or eight o'clock in the evening. Ruſt, Turpin, Fielder, Walker, and three others, came to the door of Mr. Saunders, a wealthy farmer at Charlton, in Kent, and knocking at the door, enquired if Mr. Saunders was at home: being anſwered he was, and the door opened, they all ruſhed in, went directly to the parlour, where Mr. Saunders, his wife and ſome friends were at cards; but deſired them not to be frightened, for that they would not hurt their perſons, if they ſat ſtill, and made no diſturbance. The firſt thing they laid hands on was a ſilver ſnuff-box, which lay upon the table before them; and having ſecured the reſt of the company, obliged Mr. Saunders to go about the houſe with them, and open his cloſets, boxes, and ſcrutoire, from whence they took upwards of one hundred pounds in money, and all the plate in the houſe, a velvet hood, mantle, and other things. Whilſt this was doing, the ſervant-maid got looſe, and ran up ſtairs, barred herſelf in one of the rooms, and called out at the window for aſſiſtance, in hopes of alarming the neighbourhood; but one of the rogues ran up ſtairs after her, and with a poker broke open the door; then brought her down again, bound her, and all the reſt of the family, then rifled the houſe of divers other things of value; and finding in their ſearch,

ſome bottles of wine, a bottle of brandy, and mince-pies, they all ſat down, drank a bottle of wine, eat a mince-pie, and obliged the company to drink a dram of brandy each. Mrs. Saunders fainting away with the fright, they got her a glaſs of water, and putting ſome drops in it, gave it to her, and were very careful to recover her from her fright. They ſtaid a conſiderable time in the houſe, after feaſting, and packing up their booty; and when they departed, they declared, that if any of the family gave out the leaſt alarm within two hours, or even advertiſed the marks of the plate they had taken, they would remember them for it, for they would return and murder them at a future time.

This robbery was concerted at the George at Woolwich, from whence they proceeded to put their deſign in execution; and when they had effected it, they croſſed the water, and brought their goods to an empty houſe in Ratcliff Highway, provided for them by one of Dick Swift's acquaintance, where they depoſited their plunder, and divided the produce.

They next proceeded into Surry, where Turpin, Ruſt, Swift, Fielder, and Walker, robbed Mr. Sheldon's houſe, a lone building near Croydon church, where they arrived about ſeven o'clock in the evening. They began their operations here by ſecuring the coachman in the ſtable attending the horſes, whom they bound hand and foot, and afterwards locked him ſafe in. His maſter being in an out-houſe, and hearing ſome ſtrange voices in the yard, was proceeding that way to know the cauſe, when he was met by Turpin and Walker, who ſeizing hold of him, compelled him to ſhew them the way into the houſe, which, when they had got into, they ſecured the door, and confined the reſt of the family in one room, over which, within and without, they ſet a guard. Mr. Sheldon's ſervant man unluckily coming to the door from abroad, was firſt knocked down, and then dragged into the paſſage, and tied while they ranſacked the houſe. But they were here very much diſappointed; for they found but little plate, and no caſh. From Mr. Sheldon's per-

ſon they took eleven guineas; two of which Turpin returned him, begging pardon for what they had done, and wiſhed him good night.

Notwithſtanding the ſituation in which they had left the people here, in ſuch a fright, and bound up, they had the temerity and aſſurance to go to the Half-moon tavern at Croydon, where they each regaled themſelves with a glaſs of ſpirits, and changed one of the guineas they had ſo recently taken from Mr. Sheldon. In their way out, one of them let fall a diamond pin of great value in the paſſage, which was found by the ſervant girl, and returned to the owner. This being ſettled, they came to the Black-horſe in the Broadway, Weſtminſter, near which Ruſt and Roſe lodged with one Fletcher and the notorious Nan Turner, of Golden Lane memory, who ſecreted herſelf here from the purſuit of juſtice, for the murder of a fellow lodger of her own ſort ſhe had lately murdered. Here they concerted another robbery, of which Roſe and Fielder were for that time the captains.

Theſe robberies had hitherto been carried on entirely on foot, with only the occaſional aſſiſtance of a hackney coach; but now they aſpired to appear on horſeback, for which purpoſe they hired horſes at the Old Leaping Bar in High Holborn, from whence they ſet out about two o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at the Queen's-head near Stanmore at five, and where they ſtaid to regale themſelves. It was by this means that Wood, the maſter of the houſe, had ſo good an opportunity of obſerving the horſes, ſo as to remember the ſame again when he ſaw them afterwards in King-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, where they were taken. About five o'clock they went from Mr. Wood's, at the Queen's-head, to Stanmore, and ſtaid there from about ſix until about ſeven o'clock; and then all went away together for Mr. Laurence's, which was about a mile from thence, where they got about half an hour after ſeven. Mr. Laurence had juſt before been paying off ſome workmen, who were diſcharged, and gone from the houſe.

On their arrival at Mr. Laurence's, they alighted from their horſes at the outer gate; and Fielder getting over the hatch into the ſheep-yard, met with Mr. Laurence's boy juſt putting up ſome ſheep. They ſeized and preſented a piſtol to him, Fielder ſaying he would ſhoot him if he offered to cry out; and then took off the boy's garters, and tied his hands; and enquiring what ſervants Mr. Laurence kept, and who was in the houſe, they obliged him to tell them. They told him they would not hurt him, but that he muſt go to the door with them; and when they knocked at it, if any body within ſhould aſk who it was, that the boy was to anſwer, and bid them open the door to let him in, and they would give him ſome money. Accordingly they led the boy to the door, but he was ſo terrified that he had no power to ſpeak; whereupon Gregory knocked at the door, and calling out Mr. Laurence, the man ſervant apprehending it to be ſome of the neighbours only, opened the door, upon which they all ruſhed in with piſtols in their hands, crying out, *D—n your blood, how long have you lived here?* and immediately ſeizing Mr. Laurence and his man, threw a cloth over their faces, and then took the boy and led him into the next room, with his hands tied, demanding of him what fire-arms Mr. Laurence had in the houſe; and being told there was none but an old gun, they went and fetched that, and broke it in pieces; then took Mr. Laurence's man, and bound his hands, led him into the room where the boy was, and made him ſit down there; and alſo bound Mr. Laurence. Turpin cut down his breeches; and they fell to rifling his pockets, out of which they took one guinea, one Portugal piece of thirty-ſix ſhillings, and about fifteen ſhillings in ſilver, and his keys. They ſaid that money was not enough, that they muſt have more, and drove Mr. Laurence up ſtairs, where coming to a cloſet, although they had taken the key from Mr. Laurence before, and had it in their cuſtody, yet they broke open the door, and took out thence two guineas, ten ſhillings in ſilver, a ſilver cup, thirteen ſilver ſpoons, two

gold rings, and what they could find; and in their ſearch meeting with a bottle of elder wine, they took it, and obliged the ſervants to drink twice of it. Dorothy Street, the maid ſervant, being in the back-houſe a churning, and hearing a noiſe, ſuſpected they were rogues who were got into the houſe; and in order to ſave herſelf, ſhe put out the candle; but they ruſhed in upon her, tied her hands, and then brought her into the room where the other ſervants were; then rifled the houſe of all they could get, as linen, table-cloths, napkins, ſhirts, and the ſheets from off the beds; trod the beds under feet, to find if any money was concealed therein. Suſpecting there was more money in the houſe, they brought Mr. Laurence down ſtairs again, threatened to cut his throat; and Roſe put a knife to it, as if he intended to do it, to make him confeſs what money was in the houſe; then whipped him with their hands as hard as they could.

One of them took a chopping-bill, and threatened to cut of his leg therewith. Then they broke his head with their piſtols, and dragged him about by the hair of the head. One of them took a kettle of water off the fire, and flung it upon him; but it did him no other harm than wetting him only, by reaſon the maid had juſt before taken out the greateſt part of the boiling water, and filled it again with cold

After this, they dragged him about again, ſwearing they would "do for him," if he did not immediately inform them where the reſt of his money was hid. They then proceeded to make a farther ſearch; and Gregory, who acted as chief in this affair, ſwore to the maid, that if ſhe would tell or ſhew him where the money was hid, he would give her ſomething charming fine to wear; to which ſhe replied, ſhe could not inform him of any. This did not in the leaſt ſatisfy him; but he forced her up ſtairs, where he acted with greater violence, and, after bolting the door, ſwore he would ſhoot her, if ſhe offered to cry out, telling her, it would be better for her maſter's family, if ſhe did ſo, or he would go to her maſter's ſon's houſe, which

was next adjoining, and ſtrip it of every thing; for he ſaid, he knew the maſter was from home. Not being able to get any thing out of her, he tied her faſt to the bed poſts, and left her, not forgetting to threaten her with his immediate return, if ſhe offered to make the leaſt diſturbance.

He then returned to the boy, and enquired whether his maſter's ſon would return that night; and being informed that he would, he ſaid that he would alſo go there, and *ſee* the houſe. Upon this two of them took the boy out to the place; but, on farther conſideration, they did not attempt any thing there that night.

Upon their return, they rummaged every thing in the houſe. In a cheſt which belonged to Mr. Laurence's youngeſt ſon they turned out L. 20 and packed up the linen, with ſome odd matters of plate and bed linen, and withdrew, threatening to return again in half an hour, and kill every one they ſhould find looſe. So ſaying, they locked them all in the parlour, took the keys of the back door and front, and threw them down the neceſſary; which was in the area.

Some of the goods were loſt by the way; for they were in ſuch haſte to get off, that they looked back for nothing; and ſome were afterwards found in Field-Lane, and others in Chick-Lane and Saffron-Hill, where the gang moſtly reſided, and where ſome were taken.

Turpin by this robbery got but little; for out of the L. 26 in the whole they got, he diſtributed among them all but three guineas and ſix ſhillings and ſixpence.

Theſe frequent robberies, and the particulars of this atrocious one, being repreſented to the King, a proclamation was iſſued for the apprehenſion of the offenders, and a pardon and L. 50 was offered to any of the party who would impeach his accomplices. This, however, had no effect; they continued their depredations with more ſyſtematical ingenuity, and at ſuch diſtances that none could be aware of their approach. The ſucceſs they met with elated their

ſpirits, and encouraged them to bid defiance to the executive laws of the country.

In the mouth of danger, and in the midſt of alarm, which his audacities had occaſioned, Turpin was as careleſs as he was heedleſs. The White Hart, at the upper end of Drury-Lane, was their conſtant place of rendezvous. Here they planned their nightly viſits, and here they divided their ſpoil, and ſpent the property they unlawfully acquired. The gang all this time conſiſted of a great number, from the bold adventurer on horſeback, to the pitiful ſtripper of childrens' cloathes.

From thence they iſſued a ſelect band to rob a Mr. Francis, a farmer near Marybone, where they arrived about duſk; and while they were making their obſervations on the premiſes, one of them perceiving ſome body in the cow-houſe, they went in, and finding a man there, they ſeized and bound him, ſwearing they would ſhoot him if he made any attempt to looſen himſelf or cry out. They then proceeded to the ſtable, where was another of the farmer's ſervants, whom they ſerved in the ſame manner. Scarce had they performed this, before Mr. Francis, who had been abroad, and coming home, they met at the gate, as he was going up to his door. Three of the gang laying their hands upon his ſhoulder, prevented him from going any farther; but the farmer not at firſt apprehending them to be thieves, but frolicſome fellows, only ſaid to them, "Methinks you are mighty funny Gemmen." On which ſhewing their piſtols, they told him no harm ſhould come to him, if he would but give one of them an order to his daughter for one hundred pounds in caſh; which Mr. Francis refuſing to do, alledging his incapability, not having half ſo much money by him, they forced him by the arm into the ſtable to his man, where they bound him alſo, and left them under the care of Ruſt and Buſh, who ſtood over them with loaded piſtols, whilſt the reſt went to the houſe. Upon their knocking at the door, Miſs Francis opened it, ſuppoſing it to be ſome of

their men, when Wheeler and four others ruſhing in, they ſecured her alſo. Turpin coming in with the laſt, prevented them from being too violent with the young lady; only threatening, if ſhe made any reſiſtance, ſhe would be worſe uſed. The maid ſervant hearing this, cried out, Lord, Mrs. Sarah, what have you done? On which one of them ſtruck the maid, and the other ſtruck Mr. Francis's daughter, and ſwore they would murder them if they did not hold their peace. Mrs. Francis hearing the diſturbance, and being apprehenſive of ſome danger, cried out, Lord, what's the matter? on which Fielder ſtepped up to her, and cried, D—m you for an old bitch, I'll ſtop your mouth preſently, and immediately broke her head with the handle of his whip, and then tied her down in a chair, bleeding as ſhe was.

The maid and daughter were bound in the kitchen, and Gregory was ſet to watch them, who ſtood guard over them with a piſtol in his hand, to prevent their crying out for aſſiſtance, or endeavouring to get their liberty, whilſt the other four were rifling the houſe. In it they found, beſides other things, a ſilver tankard, a gold watch, chain and ſeal, a ſilver medal of king Charles I. waſhed with gold, a ſilver punch-ladle, a ſilver ſtrainer, a ſilver cup, and a pair of ſilver ſpurs, a coral ſet with ſilver, a mourning gold ring with a cypher; a gold ring enamelled with a blue ſtone in the middle, and a diamond on each ſide, and two angels holding a crown; a gold ring ſet with a ſtone, and four diamonds; two gold rings with poſies; a wig, ſix handkerchiefs, four ſhirts, a velvet hat; two piſtols, a piece of gold with a hole in it, thirty-ſeven guineas, and ten pounds in ſilver, which they took away with them; as alſo ſhirts, ſtockings, and divers other ſorts of goods.

They ſpent about an hour and a half in plundering and rifling the houſe, whilſt Gregory ſtood ſentry over old Mrs. Francis, her daughter, and maid; and Turpin and Buſh over Mr. Francis and the two men ſervants in the ſtable. When they had packed up their booty, they laid ſevere injunctions upon every one in

the houſe not to ſtir, under penalty of direct death, and quietly rode off with all they had got.

When they came to divide the plunder, Turpin prevented them cheating one another, which ſome ſeemed inclined to do; and he gave to each of them L.9: 2s.: 6d. The guineas were ſecreted by him that had laid hands on them from the reſt of his companions, which, when he afterwards found out, he made him pay ſeverely for, for he indicated him to the officers of Juſtice, which occaſioned his being taken up, and he was ſoon afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

They had alſo formed a deſign to rob the houſe of Juſtice Aſher, near Leigh, in Eſſex, upon the information of the woman who kept company with Roſe, and with that intention met at a public houſe near Leigh, and in the evening went to put their deſign in execution, but not rightly knowing the way into the houſe, they got to the ſide of a lane near it, waiting for an opportunity, and with that view tied their horſes againſt ſome furze buſhes, and concealing themſelves under them, intended to have ſurpriſed ſomebody paſſing that way, and to have obliged them to have ſhewn them the way to the door; but whilſt they were thus lying perdue there, they heard ſeveral perſons riding along together, which happened to be ſome of the neighbouring farmers, who had been at the Juſtice's, and over-hearing their diſcourſe, ſuppoſed the Juſtice had other company ſtill remaining at his houſe, they did not think it adviſeable to attempt it at that time; therefore adjourned their deſign, which ſo far proved of advantage to them, that it prevented their being taken, which otherwiſe they could hardly have avoided, by reaſon they having been obſerved in the neighbourhood, were ſuſpected to be ſmugglers, and information had been given to the cuſtom-houſe and other officers thereabouts: and a party of dragoons were out in ſearch after them, whom they met, but not having any thing with them, were ſuffered to paſs; whereas if they had committed the robbery they intended, and had been ſtopped by the ſoldiers, the goods, upon

ſearch, would have been found upon them; and though they might have been only ſtopped on ſuſpicion of being ſmugglers, they would thereby be diſcovered to have been houſe-breakers, and committed accordingly.

Theſe tranſactions alarmed the whole country, nobody thinking themſelves ſafe; upon which Mr. Thomſon, one of the King's foreſt-keepers, went to the Duke of Newcaſtle's office, and obtained his Majeſty's promiſe of a reward of one hundred pounds for whoever ſhould apprehend any of them. This made them rather more ſhy than they were before; but, however, they could not conceal themſelves entirely; they ſtill frequented their old haunts, when ſome of the Juſtice's men hearing that a number of them uſually met at an alehouſe in an alley in Weſtminſter, they went thither, where finding Turpin, Fielder, Roſe and Wheeler, after a ſhort conflict with cutlaſſes, they were ſecured, but not till after one Bob Berry, a cork-cutter, had his arm dangerouſly cut acroſs a little below the elbow. During the ſcuffle, Turpin made his eſcape out of a window, and getting a horſe, rode away immediately. Wheeler turned evidence, and two of the others were hanged in chains.

This affair broke up the gang. Turpin left to himſelf, had more prudence than to follow the houſe-robbing immediately after, particularly as he was too well known; and as he had ſome money in his pockets, he took a reſolution to be concerned with no other gang, but to act entirely on his own bottom. With this view he ſet off towards Cambridge, which he judged would be the beſt place, as he was not known in that part of the country.

Near Alton he met with an odd encounter, which got him the beſt companion he ever had, as he often declared. King, the highwayman, as he was returning from this place for London, being well dreſſed and mounted, Turpin ſeing him have the appearance of a ſubſtantial gentleman, rode up to him, and thinking him a fair mark, bid him ſtand and deliver, and therewith producing the *things*, (i. e. *piſtols*,) King fell

a-laughing at him, and ſaid, "What, Dog rob Dog! Come, come, brother Turpin, if you don't know me, I know you, and ſhould be glad of your company." After a mutual communication of circumſtances to each other, they agreed to keep company, and divide good or ill fortune, as the trumps might turn up. In fact, King was true to him to the laſt, which was for more than three years, when King met with his fate by a ball on the road.

They met with various fortune; but being both too well known to remain long in a place, and as no houſe that knew them would receive them in, they formed the reſolution of making themſelves a cave, covered over with bavins and earth, and for that purpoſe pitched upon a convenient place, encloſed with a thicket, ſituated on the Waltham ſide of Epping, near the ſign of the King's Oak. Here they excavated, and covered with thickſet, wood and quickſet, a place large enough to receive them and their horſes; and while they lay quite concealed themſelves, could through ſeveral holes diſcover the paſſengers as they went along the road; and, as they thought proper, would iſſue out and rob them in ſuch a bold and daring ſtyle, that they were more admired than blamed. The very higglers on the roads did not always eſcape their requiſitions, but they were moſtly repaid again, whilſt thoſe who went armed loſt their pieces, were wounded, or robbed of all they carried about them. Turpin's wife was their meſſenger, went to market for victuals for them, ſupplied them with linen, and frequently remained there a whole week together.

In this place Turpin lived, eat, drank, and lay, for the ſpace of ſix years, during the firſt three of which he was enlivened with the drollery of his companion Tom King, who was a fellow of infinite humour in telling ſtories, and of unſhaken reſolution in attack or defence; but he loſt his life before a chaiſe, where he was attempting to change his *lead* to *gold:* this happened near Braintree, in Eſſex.

Theſe foreſter partners uſed frequently to iſſue from their cell like the thieves from the cave in Gil Blas, and take a ride out in queſt of plunder. King and he once riding towards Bungay, in Suffolk, met two young market women, who had juſt received a conſiderable ſum of money for corn. King propoſed to rob them, but Turpin diſſuaded him from it, alledging for a reaſon, that they were two pretty inoffenſive girls, and he would not be concerned in it. King yet ſwore he would rob them, and accordingly did, againſt Turpin's conſent, which occaſioned a diſpute between them.

One day, as they were ſpying from their cave, they diſcovered a gentleman riding by, that King knew very well to be a rich merchant near Greſham College, Broad-ſtreet, who was going thither from his eſtate near Fair-Mead-Bottom. The gentleman was in his chariot, and had two of his children with him. His name was Bradele. King firſt attacked him on the Loughton road; but he being a man of great ſpirit, was offering to make reſiſtance, thinking there had been but one; upon which King called Turpin by the nick name of JACK, and bid him hold the horſes heads. They proceeded to take firſt his money, which he readily parted with, but demurred a good while upon delivering his watch, which he ſaid was a family piece, being the dying bequeſt of his father. The altercation, though ſhort, being accompanied with menaces and threats, frightened the children in the coach, the biggeſt of whom, a boy, perſuaded his father to let them have it. An old mourning ring was the next object of their requiſition, which, though of a very trivial value, King was inſiſting to take away, when Turpin interpoſed, and ſaid, they were more of gentlemen than to deprive any one of their friends' reſpect which they wore about them, and bid King upon this deſiſt from his demand. This conceſſion on the part of the robbers induced the gentleman to aſk a further favour, which was, that they would permit him to purchaſe his watch back again? Upon which King ſaid to Tur-

pin, "Jack, here ſeems to be a good honeſt fellow, ſhall we let him have the watch?" "Aye," ſaid Turpin, "do juſt as you will;" and then Mr. Bradele enquiring what would be the price, King told him, Six guineas;" "we never ſell one for more, if it be worth ſix and thirty;" upon which Mr. Bradele promiſed not to diſcover them; and ſaid, he would leave the money at the Sword-blade Coffee-houſe in Birchin-Lane; when Turpin cried out, "Aye, but, King, inſiſt upon no queſtions aſked."*

It would be an endleſs taſk, as well as a uſeleſs one, and a waſte of paper and time, to relate every particular robbery they committed while in connection together in this faſtneſs of the foreſt; for it is generally known that at that time there was no regular police eſtabliſhed by government, as is now; and the improved ſtate of the roads together, make it impoſſible for ſuch daring diſturbers of travellers' peace to reign any great length of time in one place. Formerly a broken tradeſman, with the aſſiſtance of a few reſolute but neceſſitous fellows, formed the living arrangement of a *worſhipful* magiſtracy, which was as defective often in honeſty as it was ineffectual for the removal or ſubjugation of daring villainy.

The mail having been robbed upon Stamford Hill, the bag and moſt of the letters were found ſcattered near that part of the foreſt which was ſuſpected to be the abode of Turpin and his accomplices; for ſeveral circumſtances had occurred to make it a probable event that he might be found thereabouts; beſides, the Woodford ſtage-coachman, who knew him perfectly well, as well as his colleague King, had often been heard to ſay, that if any body would give him arms and a hundred pounds, dead or alive, he would give ſome

* It was formerly a common practice to advertiſe, that, if *loſt goods* were left at a particular place mentioned in the advertiſement, a certain reward would be paid, and *no queſtions aſked*; but this has been happily aboliſhed by the improved policy of modern times.

account of Turpin; but his time was not yet arrived; although he had ſo long been the terror and talk of the country round London, as well as at remoter diſtances.

Turpin, King, and one Potter, whom they had lately taken into partnerſhip, ſtopped a perſon of very decent appearance near Hackney; and demanded his money: but the gentleman, burſting into tears, ſaid, he was in circumſtances of diſtreſs, and poſſeſſed only eighteen-pence; on which, inſtead of robbing him, they made him a preſent of half a crown: a proof that ſentiments of humanity may not be utterly baniſhed even from the breaſt of a thief. On their return to town they robbed a man of fourteen ſhillings, and then went to their old place of retreat.

On the day after this tranſaction they went to the Red-Lion alehouſe in Alderſgate-Street, where having drank all day, and being unable to pay the reckoning, they called for more liquor, and then quitted the houſe, ſaying, that they would ſoon return. Going immediately towards Iſlington, they met a gentleman, to whom they ſaid, that they wanted a ſmall ſum to pay their reckoning. On this the gentleman called out thieves! and made all poſſible reſiſtance; notwithſtanding which, they robbed him of a gold watch, which they carried to town, and pawned, and then going to the alehouſe, defrayed the expences of the day.

Soon after this they rode to Finchley Common, where meeting with only empty carriages, they were returning to London, when they met the Barnet coach, near Iſlington, and robbed the company of about fifteen ſhillings. On the following day they collected L.6 12s. 6d. and L.4 5s. 9d. from another of the Barnet coaches, and nine ſhillings from the Highgate ſtage, on their return to town: and this was the whole of the booty they obtained that day.

Turpin having once loſt his horſe, he ſtole one out of a cloſe. This was a black one; and ſome people being at work in a field within ſight, he threw a handful

of looſe ſilver among them, and made off; but the ſame evening he changed his black one for a cheſnut mare, which he found in a field, and upon her made the beſt of his way to the Foreſt.

Next he ſtopped a country gentleman, who clapping ſpurs to his horſe, Turpin followed him, and firing a piſtol after him, which lodged two balls in his horſe's buttocks, the gentleman was obliged to ſurrender. He robbed him of fifty ſhillings; and aſking him if that was all, and the gentleman ſaying he had no more, Turpin ſtripped him, and found two guineas more in his pocket book, out of which he returned him five ſhillings; but at the ſame time told the gentleman, it was more than he deſerved, becauſe of his intention to have cheated him.

Turpin had gone on for a long while in a moſt notorious and defying way, and the reward for apprehending him had induced many to attempt it. Amongſt the reſt was the ranger Thomſon's man. This fellow would needs go in company with a higgler. Turpin was unarmed, ſtanding alone; and, not knowing the man, took him for one poaching for hares, and told him he would get no hares near that thicket. No, ſays the fellow, but I have got a Turpin, and preſented his piece at him, commanding him to ſurrender. Turpin ſtood talking with him, and receding back to his cave, laid hold of his carbine, and ſhot him dead, at which the higgler made off. This man's death obliged Turpin to make off precipitately; ſo he went farther into the country in ſearch of King; and ſent his wife a letter to meet him at a public-houſe in Hertford, who accordingly went, with two of Squire H——s's ſervants. She waited for him about half an hour; and when he came to the houſe, he aſked for her by a fictitious name, left on purpoſe. He ſoon found ſhe was there; and going to her through the kitchen, he ſaw a butcher to whom he owed five pounds. The butcher taking him aſide, "Come, Dick, (ſays he,) I know you have money now; if you'd pay me, it would be of great ſervice." Turpin replied,

his wife was in the next room, and ſhe had money, and he would get ſome of her, and pay him preſently. The butcher appriſed two or three then preſent who it was, and that he would get his five pounds firſt, and then take him; but Turpin, inſtead of going to his wife, jumped out of the next window, took horſe, and went away immediately, without ſeeing her; while the butcher waited ſome time in expectation of receiving his five pounds.

Here it is worthy to remark the butcher's ſelfiſhneſs, firſt to get his money, and then to ſerve the public, by cauſing his cuſtomer to be apprehended.

Affairs wore a ſerious aſpect for a while, and Turpin was forced to be very cautious in his approaches to the metropolis; yet he ventured ſometimes too near, as the ſequel will ſhew.

King and Turpin being driven about, they joined with one Potter, a daring roadſman, who had a good horſe. In his company they ſtopped ſeveral gentlemen on horſeback and in poſt-chaiſes, from whom they levied conſiderable ſums. Turpin, the better to diſguiſe himſelf, now wore ſometimes a miller's frock, quite white; at other times he had a black one on, like a waggoner.

In this diſguiſe, but upon a good horſe, he ventured over the Foreſt towards London, when, within about 300 yards of the Green Man, Turpin overtook one Mr. Major, owner of *White Stockings*, the race-horſe; and, although they were ſo near the houſes, Turpin ventured to rob him. He took from him his whip; and afterwards finding he had a better horſe than his, made him diſmount, change, and ſtay till he had changed ſaddles likewiſe, and then rid towards London. Mr. Major got to the Green Man, and acquainted Mr. Bayes of it, who immediately ſaid, I dare ſwear it is Turpin has done it, or one of that crew, and I'll endeavour to get intelligence of your horſe. This, that they have left you, is ſtole, and I would have you adverti ſe it. This was accordingly done, and the horſe proved to have been ſtolen from Plaiſtow Marſhes; and

the ſaddle which he had kept was ſtole from one Arrowſmith.

This robbery was committed on Saturday night; and on the Monday following Mr. Bayes received intelligence that ſuch a horſe as Mr. Major had loſt was left at the Red-Lion inn in Whitechapel. He accordingly went thither, and found it to be the ſame; and then reſolved to wait till ſomebody came to fetch it. Nobody came at the time it was left for; but about eleven o'clock at night King's brother (as it afterwards proved) came for the horſe, upon which they ſeized him immediately, and taking him into the houſe, he ſaid, he bought it, and could produce proof of it. But Mr. Bayes looking on the whip in his hand, found the button half broke off, and the name Major upon it, which ſeemed a confirmation of the thing. They charged a conſtable with him; but he ſeeming frightened, and they declaring that they did not believe but the horſe was for ſomebody elſe, and if he would tell them where they waited, he ſhould be releaſed, he told them, there was a luſty man in a white duffel coat waiting for it in Red-Lion-Street. Mr. Bayes immediately went out, and finding him as directed, perceived that it was King, and coming round upon him, attacked him. King immediately drew a piſtol, which he clapped to Mr. Bayes's breaſt; but it luckily flaſhed in the pan; upon which King ſtruggled to get out his other, which had twiſted round the pocket, and he could not. Turpin, who was waiting but at a ſmall diſtance on horſeback, came up, when King cried out, "Damn ye, ſhoot him, Dick, or we ſhall be taken;" at which inſtant he let fly one of his piſtols, and the next directly afterwards. Both ſhot miſſed Bayes, but ſeverely wounded King in two places, who cried out, "Why, Dick, you have killed me, or nearly ſo." Turpin hearing this, and finding his caſe to be deſperate indeed, rode away as hard as poſſible. Some accounts ſay that King died a week after; but with more certainty it may be aſſerted, that he was the maſked highwayman that was ſhot near

Endfield by the King's German meſſenger in attempting to rob him in a poſt-chaiſe. This happened but a ſhort time afterwards; and certain it is, that had he been taken, he muſt have ſwung without reprieve.

King and Turpin never met after this; but he always gave him the character of a coward, and one wanting reſolution. Bayes ſoon after this got intelligence that he might be found at a noted houſe by Hackney Marſh, and that, when he rode out, he always had three brace of piſtols about him, and a carbine ſlung.

Upon enquiry, this was found to be true, which made Mr. Bayes deſiſt in the purſuit. Turpin for awhile ſhewed great ſigns of uneaſineſs, often uſing ſomething like the following expreſſions to the landlord: "Why, Sam, what ſhall I do? Damn that fellow, Dick Bayes, i'll be the death of him, I will. Where ſhall I go? For I have loſt the beſt companion I ever had in my life; I have ſhot poor King in endeavouring to reſcue him from that ſhark's paws." He retained this reſolution to the laſt; but he never had an opportunity to put his revenge in practice.

Some time after he returned to the Foreſt again, and attempted to rob Captain Thompſon and his lady in an open chaiſe; but the Captain firing a carbine at him, which miſſed, Turpin fired a piſtol after the Captain, which went through the chaiſe between him and his lady, without any further damage than tearing the left ſleeve of his coat. The Captain driving hard, and being juſt in ſight of a town, Turpin thought it not proper to purſue him farther.

After this he ſtill kept about the Foreſt, till he was harraſſed almoſt to death; for he did not dare go near his old place of ſafety, the cave, which was ranſacked as ſoon as it was diſcovered after his ſhooting the keeper's man; and when they found his habitation out, it contained two ſhirts in a cloth bag, five pair of ſtockings, various ſhoes and boots, ſome few utenſils to cook with; a quantity of ſhot, flints, and powder; the remains of a bottle of wine, and ſome ham and

pieces of bacon; ſo that being driven from place to place, he ſkulked about the outſkirts of the woods, and was once very near being taken, when Mr. Ives, the King's huntſman, took out two dry-footed hounds to find him out; but perceiving them at a diſtance, before they had got ſcent of him, he got up a tree, and ſaw them go underneath him, without noticing his retreat, upon which he at laſt took the reſolution of going down into Yorkſhire.

The Public heard very little of Turpin for near two years after this. The firſt notice of him was from the miniſter of Long Sutton, in Lincolnſhire, who was magiſtrate of the place. There he was taken into cuſtody; but he eſcaped from the conſtable as he was conducting him back from examination, and haſtened to Welton in Yorkſhire, where he aſſumed his wife's maiden name, (Palmer,) and took upon himſelf to appear like a gentleman.

He took a large houſe at Brough, near Market Cave, in Yorkſhire, from whence to Welton he carried on an extenſive trade in horſes, ſelling and exchanging; and at the time of the race he is ſaid to have realized about one thouſand pounds, which enabled him (now Mr. J. Palmer) to keep the firſt company ſtirring in thoſe parts.

On one of theſe occaſional viſits to Brough, he fell in with the celebrated Dicky Dickenſon, the humorous governor of Scarborough Spaw, to whom he ſold a horſe, which four years afterwards was claimed by Squire More, as his property, he having loſt it off the Marſhes in Lincolnſhire.

He went firſt to Long Sutton, in Lincolnſhire, where the people, he thought, would not know him; and as he abounded in money, he propoſed to himſelf to commence a dealer in horſes. In his way thither he met a man on horſeback, with a large box before him; and, upon inquiry, he found him to be a mountebank, travelling the country for the public good and his own. After a ſhort introduction, Turpin propoſed his company, which was no ſooner

mentioned than agreed upon; and at the firſt ſtop they made, Turpin undertook the part of diſtributing the bills, which in a few hours brought a number of perſons round him. The next day being market day, and ſeeing a number of good horſes at the inn where he put up at, he made free with one, leaving his own in the ſame ſtall. His partner's ſatchell, or leather ſack, hanging conveniently by the fire-ſide, he turned out all the doctor's compoſitions, and filled it from the box of a Jew pedlar, with which he decamped, without being then perceived.

He diſpoſed of his horſe at Long Sutton, for ready money, to a young farmer; and found another credulous enough to let him have one upon the ſecurity of the hardware and goods which he had brought from the laſt place.

Soon after this, he met a young woman in a clean habit ſitting under a tree that grew on the road-ſide; and being in a melancholy poſture, he was very importunate to know the occaſion of her being in that ſituation. The young woman, after returning him thanks for his civility, aſſured him ſhe was only reſting herſelf from her fatigue, being going on foot to her father's houſe, which was not far diſtant. Upon hearing this, Turpin diſmounted, and perſuaded her to take his place, and ſit upon the ſaddle, which ſhe declined. However, at the next inn, he borrowed a pillion, and got up behind her, and in this manner they reached the village where the young woman's father dwelt.

He called upon her the next day, and was well entertained by the family; and putting himſelf forward as a horſe-dealer, travelling upon buſineſs, procured himſelf the credit of two good draught horſes, which he ſoon ſold, but forgot to pay for them at the time promiſed. His temerity could now only be equalled by his impudence. His depredations were the talk of the whole kingdom. His activity and ſucceſs were equal; and although a reward of two hundred pounds was offered by his Majeſty, with a free pardon to any

of his accomplices, it failed of bringing him up; and the newſpapers continually reported freſh feats of his felonies. This proclamation and reward appeared in the Gazette of June 14, 1737, as may be ſeen in the London Magazine for that year, vol. 6th, p. 335.

He could never thoroughly leave off viſiting his old haunts; for the fore-mentioned Magazine mentions a robbery committed by him ſingly upon a gentleman in his own chaiſe at Holoway, from whom he took a conſiderable ſum. The gentleman obſerved to him, when he attacked him firſt, that he had reigned long enough, and ought to leave off thieving; to which he replied, "Pray, Sir, don't you ſeem to mind it: my time is not now; nor you the man to take me: but tip me the cole, or I'll—" He then rode off, and paſſed two gentlemens' ſervants with led horſes, ſhewing his piſtols.

He has been frequently known to levy contributions as near London as the back lanes at Iſlington, and in a few hours after to rob in a diſtant county.

It is very remarkable that, for ſuch a courſe of time as from the date of the King's reward of two hundred pounds for his apprehenſion, he ſhould ſtill go on with his depredations with the moſt audacious impunity, inſomuch that it affected the national character in the eyes of foreigners, who could not help remarking, that the native bravery of the Engliſh was ſupine in bringing ſuch a daring offender to juſtice. In fact, his feats of equeſtrian agility were ſo ſupriſing, and his identity ſo uncertain, that to theſe circumſtances alone may be aſcribed his long evaſion from the iron hand of the law.

He had been at Suſon, and drank very freely at the Cock there. Early in the morning he ſet off, and robbed a gentleman of fifty guineas and a valuable watch, in the environs of London. Apprehenſive of being known and purſued, he ſpurred his horſe on, and took the northern road, and, aſtoniſhing to relate, reached York the ſame evening, and was noticed playing at bowls in the bowling-green with ſeveral gentle-

men there, which circumſtance ſaved him from the hands of juſtice for that time.

The gentleman he robbed knew him to be Turpin, and cauſed him to be purſued and taken at York. He afterwards ſwore to him, and the horſe he rode on, which was the identical one he arrived upon in that City; but being in the ſtable, and his rider at play, and all in the ſpace of four and-twenty hours, his *allibi* was admitted; for the magiſtrates of York could not believe it poſſible for one horſe to cover the ground, being upwards of one hundred and ninety miles, in ſo ſhort a ſpace.

He is reported, upon this occaſion, to have uſed his horſe to raw beef upon the bit in his mouth. Some go ſo far as to ſay he always rode with fowls' guts tied round it. Be this ſo or not, it was a race that equalled, if not ſurpaſſed, the firſt achievements of turf velocity.

Notwithſtanding the dreadful ſcenes of robbery (and ſometimes cruelty) in which Turpin was engaged, he gave ſeveral proofs of his poſſeſſing a heart capable of feeling for the diſtreſſes of a fellow-creature, and a great ſpirit of generoſity. He once met a country dealer coming up to market on the Eſſex road, whom he commanded to ſtop, and deliver him his money. The poor man told him he had but fifteen ſhillings and ſixpence, which he ſaid was his all, and if it was taken from him, he ſhould be reduced to abſolute want. Turpin, whoſe finances were quite exhauſted, anſwered, there was no time to be loſt; his money he muſt have; but at the ſame time deſired him to be in a certain part of Newgate-Street on a particular hour the next day, with his hat in his hand; and if a perſon walked by, and dropped any thing into his hat, to take no notice, but go immediately about his buſineſs. The man accordingly took his ſtation at the time appointed, and had not been there more than half an hour, before he felt ſomething fall heavy into his hat, and, upon opening the ſmall packet, to his great joy, he found it to contain ten guineas!

Another time he robbed a poor woman returning from Ferry-bridge, where ſhe had been to ſell ſome commodities; and ſoon after hearing ſhe was diſtreſſed by her landlord for rent, he contrived to relieve her in the following ſingular manner. He found out her abode, and threw into the window, through the glaſs, a leather bag, containing gold and ſilver to the amount of ſix pounds; perhaps the produce of ſome recent robbery.

For the two laſt years of his life he ſeems to have confined his reſidence moſtly to the county of York, where he ſeems to have been ſo little known, that his company was moſtly with the beſt yeomen of the county.

He often accompanied the neighbouring gentlemen on their parties of hunting and ſhooting; and one evening, on a return from an expedition of the latter kind, he ſaw one of his landlord's cocks in the town-ſtreet, which he ſhot at and killed. One Hall, his neighbour, ſeeing him ſhoot the cock, ſaid to him, "Mr. Palmer, you have done wrong in ſhooting your landlord's cock:" Whereupon Palmer ſaid, if he would only ſtay whilſt he charged his piece, he would ſhoot him too. Mr. Hall hearing him ſay ſo, went and told the landlord what Palmer had done and ſaid. Thereupon the landlord immediately went with Mr. Hall to Mr. Crowle, and got his warrant for apprehending him; by virtue of which warrant he was next day taken up, and carried to the general quarter ſeſſions, then at Beverley, where he was examined by George Crowle, Hugh Bethel, and Marmaduke Conſtable, Eſqrs. three of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for the Eaſt-Riding of Yorkſhire; and they demanding ſureties for his good behaviour, and he refuſing to find ſuch, was by them then committed to the houſe of correction.

Irritated by this inſolent and very fooliſh behaviour, Mr. Hall moved every gentleman of his acquaintance againſt him; and though in itſelf but a trivial circumſtance, it led to more ſerious conſequences, and to

his fatal cataſtrophe in the end, as the reader will obſerve.

The gentlemen having taken ſeveral informations from perſons of Brougn and Welton, about Palmer's frequently going into Lincolnſhire, and uſually returning with plenty of money, and ſeveral horſes, which he ſold or exchanged in Yorkſhire, had juſt reaſon to ſuſpect, that he was either a highwayman or a horſe-ſtealer; and being deſirous to do their country juſtice, and fearful to oppreſs the innocent, the next day went to the ſaid John Palmer, and examined him again, touching where he had lived, and to what buſineſs he was brought up; who then ſaid, he had about two years before lived at Long Sutton in Lincolnſhire, and was by trade a butcher; that his father then lived at Long Sutton, and his ſiſter kept his father's houſe there; but he having contracted many debts, for ſheep that proved rotten, ſo that he was not able to pay for them, he therefore was obliged to abſcond, and come and live in Yorkſhire. The Juſtices, upon this confeſſion, thought it the propereſt way to ſend a meſſenger into Lincolnſhire, to enquire into the truth of this matter; and Mr. Robert Appleton, clerk of the peace for the Riding, then wrote a letter to Long Sutton, ſignifying the whole affair; which letter was ſent by a ſpecial meſſenger, and given to one Mr. Delamere, a Juſtice of the Peace, who lived there; and Mr. Appleton received a letter from him in anſwer thereto, with this account, that the ſaid John Palmer had lived there about three quarters of a year, and had before that been once apprehended, but had made his eſcape, and that they had a ſtrong ſuſpicion he was guilty of horſe-ſtealing.

Another imformant gave notice that he had travelled through various parts of the north of England in different diſguiſes, during which he had ſold ſeveral horſes, mares, and foals, which had been claimed by different owners, and for which there was ſeveral informations lodged againſt him for horſe-ſtealing.

Upon this the magiſtrates found it prudent to remove him from Beverley houſe of correction to York caſtle, where the report of his being detained brought many perſons from all parts of the county; and in leſs than two months, two perſons from Lincolnſhire came and claimed a mare and foal, and likewiſe a horſe, which he had ſtolen in that county. Captain Dawſon, of Ferrarby, was one among the claimants. His horſe was that on which Turpin, *alias* Palmer, rode on when he came to Beverley, and which he had ſtole from off Hickington Fen in Lincolnſhire.

After he had been in priſon near five months, he wrote the following letter to his brother in Eſſex.

DEAR BROTHER, *York, Feb.* 1739.

I am ſorry to acquaint you, that I am now under confinement in York caſtle for horſe-ſtealing. If I could procure an evidence from London to give me a character, that would go a great way towards my good, and might procure in the end my enlargement and acquittal. It is true, I have been here a long while, but neither more for that. Few people know me. For Heaven's ſake, dear brother, do not neglect me; you will know what I mean, when I ſay

I am yours,

JOHN PALMER.

His brother refuſed to take the letter; and it was returned unopened to the Poſt Office in Eſſex, becauſe the brother would not pay for it. This letter being accidentally ſeen by a Mr. Smith, a ſchoolmaſter of the town, he recogniſed the hand-writing to be Turpin's, for he had taught him to write at his father's. This coming to the knowledge of the magiſtrates, they ſubpœned Mr. Smith, by whom it was diſcovered, that the ſuppoſed John Palmer was the real Richard Turpin.

Upon his trial this ſchoolmaſter and another gentleman proved his identity.

On the rumour that the noted Turpin was a priſoner in York caſtle, perſons flocked from all parts of the country to take a view of him, and debates ran very high whether he was the real perſon or not. Among others who viſited him, was a young fellow who pretended to be well acquainted with the famous Turpin, having rode ſeveral miles with him a-hunting. After having regarded him a conſiderable time with looks of great attention, he told the keeper he would bet him *half a guinea*, he was not Turpin the horſe-ſtealer; on which the priſoner, whiſpering the turnkey, ſaid, "Lay him, Jack; and I'll go your halves."

When he was upon trial, his caſe ſeemed much to affect the hearers. He had two trials, upon both of which he was convicted upon the fulleſt evidence.

During his abode in the caſtle, the turnkeys are ſaid to have made more than an hundred pounds by ſhewing him, and ſelling him and his acquaintance and viſitors liquors.

He wrote to his father, upon being convicted, to uſe his intereſt to get him off for tranſportation; but his fate was at hand, his notoriety cauſed all application to be ineffectual. To his letter his father returned the following anſwer.

DEAR CHILD,

I received your letter this inſtant, with a great deal of grief. According to your requeſt, I have writ to your brother John, and Madam Peck, to make what interceſſion can be made to Colonel Watſon, in order to obtain tranſportation for your misfortune; which had I 100l. I would freely part with to do you good. In the mean time my prayers are for you; and for God's ſake give your whole mind to beg of God to pardon your many tranſgreſſions, which the thief upon the croſs received pardon for at the laſt hour, though a very great offender. The Lord be your comfort, and receive you into his everlaſting kingdom.

I am your diſtreſſed
Yet loving father,
JOHN TURPIN.

*Hempſtead,*
*March* 29, 1739.

## The TRIAL of JOHN PALMER, *alias* PAUMER, *alias* RICHARD TURPIN, at the Aſſizes holden at the *Caſtle* of *York*, in and for the ſaid County, the 22d Day of March, 1738-9, before the Hon. *Sir William Chapple, Kt.* Judge of Aſſize, and one of His Majeſty's Juſtices of the Court of King's Bench, for ſtealing a *Black Gelding*, the Property of *Thomas Creaſey*.

*Court.* Call Thomas Creaſey.]—Sir, was you in poſſeſſion of a gelding in Auguſt laſt?

*W.* Yes, I was.

*C.* About what time did you miſs it?

*W.* The 18th day of Auguſt I miſſed this gelding.

*C.* Where did you find him, and what colour was he?

*W.* I found him at the Blue Bell in Beverley.

*C.* How came you to hear he was there?

*W.* Richard Graſsby was the perſon who told me it was my gelding.

*C.* Did you deſcribe this gelding to him?

*W.* Yes, and then he told me it was the ſame.

*C.* Upon that, what did you do?

*W.* I went to the landlord of the houſe at Beverley, and deſcribed him to him.

*C.* Do you remember what deſcription you gave him of the gelding?

*W.* Yes, the deſcription was a black gelding, with a little ſtar on his forehead.

*C.* What did he *(the landlord)* do then?

*W.* I went with him, and he ſhewed me the horſe.

*C.* What month was it?

*W.* The month of Auguſt laſt.

*C.* Did you take any means to recover your property?

*W.* I hired men and horſes, and rode forty miles

round about us, to hear of it, and got it cried in all the market towns about us.

*Then* Mr. James Smith, *and* Mr. Edward Saward, *who came from Eſſex by order of the Juſtices of that County, were called to prove this* Palmer *to be* Richard Turpin, *the noted Highwayman.*

*Court to* James Smith.

Do you know the priſoner Palmer at the bar? Look at him, and tell what you know of him.

*W.* Yes. I knew him at Hempſtead in Eſſex, where he was born; and where his father kept the Bell. I knew him ever ſince he was a child.

*C.* What is his name?

*W.* Richard Turpin. I knew his relations, father and mother; and he married one of my maids.

*C.* What! was you with him frequently?

*W.* Yes.

*C.* When did you ſee him laſt?

*W.* It is about five years ſince I ſaw him.

*C.* Have you any particular marks to ſhew this is the man?

*W.* This is the very man.

*C.* Did not you teach him at ſchool?

*W.* Yes, I did; but he was only learning to make letters; and, I believe, he was three quarters of a year with me.

*C.* Do you think this is he?

*W.* Yes, this is the man.

*C.* As you lived there, why did you come down here to this place?

*W.* Happening to be at the Poſt Office, where I ſaw a letter directed to Turpin's brother-in-law, who, as I was informed, would rather loſe the letter than pay the poſtage; upon that account taking particular notice thereof, I thought at firſt I remembered the ſuperſcription, and concluded it to be the hand-writing of the priſoner Turpin; whereupon I carried the letter before a magiſtrate, who broke the ſame open, (the

letter was ſubſcribed John Palmer,) and found it ſent from York Caſtle. I had ſeen ſeveral of Dick Turpin's bills, and knew his hand.

*C.* Are you ſure this is his letter? *(A letter produced in court.)*

*W.* Yes, I am ſure that is his letter.

*C.* Was that the cauſe of your coming down?

*W.* I was ſent for by the Juſtices to come down.

*C.* How happened you to take notice of this letter?

*W.* Seeing the York ſtamp.

*C.* From theſe circumſtances did you come down here?

*W.* Yes, indeed, I did come upon this account.

*C.* When you came to the caſtle, did you challenge him, or know him?

*W.* Yes, I did, upon the firſt view of him, and pointed him out from among all the reſt of the priſoners.

*C.* How long is it ſince you ſaw him laſt?

*W.* I think about five years.

*C.* Do you know any thing more of him?

*W.* I think he might be about eleven or twelve years old when I went to the Exciſe; and he worked with his father, who was a butcher.

*C.* Was he ever ſet up in the butchering trade?

*W.* Yes, I know he was.

*C.* How long might he live in that way?

*W.* I cannot tell. He lived at ——— * in Eſſex, and left it about ſix years; and after he kept a public houſe.

*C.* Did you afterwards ſee him?

*W.* Yes, I ſaw him afterwards ſix miles from thence.

*C.* What became of him then?

*W.* I do not know more; only the laſt time I ſaw him, I ſold him a grey mare, about five years ago, before my brother died.

* There was ſuch a noiſe in the Court, that the gentleman who took down the trial could not diſtinctly hear the name of the place.

*C.* Do you know no more of him?

*W.* This I know of him, and I have been many times in his company, and frequently with him.

*Court. Palmer*, you are allowed the liberty to aſk Mr. Smith any queſtion.

*Priſ.* I never knew him.

*When* Mr. Smith *came firſt to York, in February laſt, he was examined at the Caſtle, by ſeveral of his Majeſty's Juſtices of Peace for this County, and gave them the ſame account as above.*

*Mr.* Edward Saward, *of Hempſtead in Eſſex, called.*

*C.* Do you know this Richard Turpin?

*W.* Yes, I do know him; he was born and brought up at the Bell; his father kept a public houſe.

*C.* How long have you known him?

*W.* I have known him theſe twenty-two years. I cannot ſay I know exceeding exact, but about twenty-two years upon my ſoul. (*Here the Council reproved Saward, and ſaid to him, Friend, you have ſworn once already, you need not ſwear again.*) I knew him ever ſince he was a boy, and lived at the Bell.

*C.* How long did he live there?

*W.* I cannot exactly tell; he lived with his father, and I was very great with him.

*C.* Did you know him after he ſet up for himſelf?

*W.* Yes, I knew him perfectly well then, and I have bought a great many good joints of meat of him, upon my ſoul!

*Upon this the Judge reprimanded him, and adviſed him not to ſpeak ſo raſhly, but to conſider he was upon oath, and that he ſhould ſpeak ſeriouſly.*

*C.* Did you know him ſince he left Hempſtead?

*W.* I was with him at his houſe at Hempſtead.

*C.* Did you ſee him there?

*W.* I ſaw him frequently; I can't tell how often.

*C.* How many years is it ſince he left Hempſtead?
*W.* He came backwards and forwards.
*C.* How long is it ſince you ſaw him laſt?
*W.* About five or ſix years ago.
*C.* And can you ſay this aſſuredly or firmly?
*W.* Yes, and I never ſaw him ſince.
*C.* Had he any ſettled dwelling?
*W.* Not that I know of.
*Court.* Now look at the priſoner; is this Richard Turpin?
*W.* Yes, yes, Dick Turpin, the ſon of John Turpin, who keeps the Bell at Hempſtead.

*Turpin denied he knew this Edward Saward, but ſeemed at laſt to own Mr. Smith.*

*Counſel* to Mr. Smith.] Mr. Smith, when you ſpoke to him in the caſtle, did you know him?
*Smith.* Yes, I did, and he did confeſs he knew me; and ſaid unto me two or three times, *Let us bung our eyes with drink;* and I drank with him, which is this Richard Turpin.

*Upon this the Priſoner ſeemed to be very much affected, and ſhewed a great deal of anxiety.*

*Court to the Priſoner.*

Have you any thing more to ſay?
*Priſ.* I have ſent a ſubpœna for a man and his wife; they were preſent when I bought them.
*Court.* What is his name?
*Priſ.* I cannot tell; therefore I deſire ſome longer time, that theſe witneſſes may be examined. I alſo ſent a ſpecial meſſenger with a letter.
(Mr. *Griffith*, the Jailor, being called, ſaid, The meſſenger is come back.)
*Court.* What ſay you to that?
*Priſoner was ſilent.*

*Thomas Creaſey was again called in, and croſs-examined.*

*C.* Are you ſure the gelding he ſhewed you was yours?

*W.* Yes, I am.

*C.* But are you very ſure that was your gelding?

*W.* Yes, yes; indeed I am.

*C.* Did you ſhew him to any perſon?

*W.* Yes, I did; I ſhewed him to Carey Gill, the conſtable at Welton.

*Court* to Carey Gill, the conſtable. What do you know concerning the priſoner?

*W.* He was taken up by me for SHOOTING A COCK, upon which I carried him to Beverley Seſſions.

*C.* Which way did you carry him? or how did he go?

*W.* He rode upon his own horſe, and I along with him.

*C.* What month did this happen in?

*W.* At Michaelmas Seſſions, which was October the ſixth.

*C.* Do you know what horſe he rode upon?

*W.* He rode upon a horſe which he called his own.

*C.* Did you ſee that horſe?

*W.* Yes. It was that ſame horſe he came from Welton upon.

*Court* to Thomas Creaſey. How did you get your horſe again?

*W.* I got him from the Juſtice, by his order.

*C.* How many miles was it from home you got this horſe?

*W.* It was about fifty miles from the water-ſide to Welton.

*C.* Was that the ſame horſe you heard deſcribed?

*W.* Yes, it was.

*C.* What marks had he?

*W.* He was a black gelding, with a little ſtar on his forehead, and carried a good tail.

*Court* to James Smith. How long is it ſince you have known the priſoner at the bar? Look at him again.

*Smith.* I have known him from his infancy, theſe twenty-two years; and he is the very Richard Turpin which I have known at Hempſtead, and the very ſon of John Turpin in that town.

*Court* to the Priſoner. Have you any more to ſay?

*Prif.* I bought this horſe of Whitehead.

*The Jury brought in their Verdict, and found him* GUILTY.

When the Judge was going to paſs ſentence, the Priſoner was aſked what reaſons he had to give why ſentence of death ſhould not be pronounced againſt him.

*Priſoner.* It is very hard upon me, my Lord, becauſe I was not prepared for my defence.

*Court.* Why was you not? You knew the time of of the aſſizes as well as any perſon here.

*Prif.* Several perſons who came to ſee me, aſſured me, that I ſhould be removed to Eſſex to be tried there; for which reaſon I thought it needleſs to prepare witneſſes for my defence here.

*Court.* Whoever told you ſo were highly to blame; and as your country have found you guilty of a crime worthy of death, it is my office to pronounce ſentence againſt you

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The morning before Turpin's execution, he gave 3 L. 10s. amongſt five men, who were to follow the cart as mourners, with hatbands and gloves, and gave gloves and hatbands to ſeveral perſons more. He alſo left a gold ring, and two pair of ſhoes and clogs, to a married woman at Brough, that he was acquainted with; though he at the ſame time acknowledged he had a wife and child of his own.

He was carried in a cart to the place of execution, on Saturday, April 7th, 1739, with John Stead, condemned alſo for horſe-ſtealing. He behaved himſelf with amazing aſſurance, and bowed to the ſpectators

as he paſſed. It was remarkable that, as he mounted the ladder, his right leg trembled, on which he ſtamped it down with an air, and with undaunted courage look-ed round about him; and after ſpeaking near half an hour to the Topſman, threw himſelf off the ladder, and expired in about five minutes.

His corpſe was brought back from the gallows about three in the afternoon, and lodged at the Blue Boar in Caſtlegate, till ten the next morning, when it was buried in a neat coffin in St. George's church-yard, without Fiſher-gate Poſtern, with this inſcription, *R. T.* 28*. The grave was dug very deep; and the perſons whom he appointed his mourners, as above-mentioned, took all poſſible care to ſecure the body; notwithſtanding which, on Tueſday morning, about three o'clock, ſome perſons were diſcovered moving off with it, and had taken it up. The mob having got ſcent where it was carried to, and ſuſpecting it was to be anatomized, went to a garden in which it was depoſited, and brought away the body through the ſtreets of the city, in a ſort of triumph, almoſt naked, being only laid on a board, covered with ſome ſtraw, and carried on four mens' ſhoulders, and buried it in the ſame grave, having firſt filled the coffin with ſlack-ed lime.

* He confeſſed to the hangman, that he was thirty-three years of age.

# THE LIFE
## OF
# SAWNEY BEANE.

THE following account, though as well atteſted as any hiſtorical fact can be, is almoſt incredible, for the monſtrous and unparalleled barbarities that it relates; there being nothing that we have ever heard of, with the ſame degree of certainty, that can be compared with it, or that ſhews how far a brutal temper, untamed by education and a knowledge of the world, may carry a man in ſuch glaring and horrible colours.

Sawney Beane was born in the county of Eaſt Lothian, about eight or nine miles eaſtward of the city of Edinburgh, ſome time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whilſt King James I. governed only in Scotland. His parents worked at hedging and ditching for their livelihood, and brought up their ſon to the ſame occupation. He got his daily bread in his youth by theſe means; but being very much prone to idleneſs, and not caring to be confined to any honeſt employment, left his father and mother, and ran away into the deſart part of the country, taking with him a woman as viciouſly inclined as himſelf. Theſe two took up their habitation in a rock by the ſea-ſide, on the ſhore of the county of Galloway, where they lived upwards of 25 years, without going into any city, town, or village.

In this time they had a great number of children and grand children, whom they brought up after their own manner, without any notions of humanity or civil ſociety. They never kept any company, but among themſelves; and ſupported themſelves wholly by robbing; being, moreover, ſo very cruel, that they never robbed any one whom they did not murder.

By this bloody method, and their living ſo retiredly from the world, they continued a long time undiſ-

covered, there being no body able to gueſs how the people were loſt that went by the place where they lived. As ſoon as they had robbed or murdered any man, woman, or child, they uſed to carry off the carcaſe to their den, where cutting it into quarters, they would pickle the mangled limbs, and afterwards eat it; this being their only ſuſtenance: and, notwithſtanding they were at laſt ſo numerous, they commonly had ſuperfluity of this their abominable food; ſo that in the night-time they frequently threw legs and arms of the unhappy wretches they had murdered into the ſea, at a great diſtance from their bloody habitation. The limbs were often caſt up by the tide in ſeveral parts of the country, to the aſtoniſhment and terror of all the beholders, and others who heard of it. Perſons who have gone about their lawful occaſions fell ſo often into their hands, that it cauſed a general outcry in the country round about, no man knowing what was become of his friend or relation, if they were once ſeen by theſe mercileſs cannibals.

All the people in the adjacent parts were at laſt alarmed at ſuch a common loſs of their neighbours and acquaintance; for there was no travelling in ſafety near the den of theſe wretches. This occaſioned the ſending frequent ſpies into theſe parts, many of whom never returned again; and thoſe who did, after the ſtricteſt ſearch and enquiry, could not find how theſe melancholy matters happened. Several honeſt travellers were taken up on ſuſpicion, and wrongfully hanged upon bare circumſtances. Several innocent innkeepers were executed for no other reaſon than that perſons who had been thus loſt, were known to have lain at their houſes, which occaſioned a ſuſpicion of their being murdered by them, and their bodies privately buried in obſcure places to prevent a diſcovery. Thus an ill-placed juſtice was executed with the greateſt ſeverity imaginable, in order to prevent theſe frequent atrocious deeds; ſo that not a few inn-keepers, who lived on the weſtern road of Scotland, left off their buſineſs, for fear of being made examples, and

followed other employments. This on the other hand occaſioned many great inconveniencies to travellers, who were now in great diſtreſs for accommodation for themſelves and horſes, when they were diſpoſed to bait, or put up for lodging at night. In a word, the whole country was almoſt depopulated.

Still the King's ſubjects were miſſing as much as before; ſo that it was the admiration of the whole kingdom how ſuch villanies could be carried on, and the villains not to be found out. A great many had been executed, and not one of them all made any confeſſion at the gallows; but ſtood to it to the laſt, that they were perfectly innocent of the crimes for which they ſuffered. When the magiſtrates found all was in vain, they left off theſe rigorous proceedings, and truſted wholly to Providence for the bringing to light the authors of theſe unparalleled barbarities, when it ſhould ſeem proper to the divine wiſdom.

Sawney's family was at laſt grown very large, and every branch of it, as ſoon as able, aſſiſted in perpetrating their wicked deeds, which they ſtill followed with impunity. Sometimes they would attack four, five, or ſix footmen together; but never more than two if they were on horſe-back. They were, moreover, ſo careful, that not one they ſet upon ſhould eſcape, that an ambuſcade was placed on every ſide to ſecure them, let them fly which ever way they would, provided it ſhould ever ſo happen that one or more got away from the firſt aſſailants. How was it poſſible they ſhould be detected, when not one that ſaw them ever ſaw any body elſe afterwards? The place which they inhabited was quite ſolitary and loneſome; and when the tide came up, the water went for near two hundred yards into their ſubteraneous habitation, which reached almoſt a mile under ground; ſo that when ſome, who had been ſent armed to ſearch all the by-places about, have paſt by the mouth of their cave, they have never taken notice of it, not ſuppoſing that any thing human would reſide in ſuch a place of perpetual darkneſs.

The number of the people these savages destroyed was never exactly known; but it was generally computed that in the twenty-five years they continued their butcheries, they had washed their hands in the blood of a thousand at least, men, women, and children. The manner how they were at last discovered was as follows.

A man, and his wife behind him on the same horse, coming one evening home from a fair, and falling into the ambuscade of these mercileſs wretches, they fell upon them in a most furious manner. The man, to save himself as well as he could, fought very bravely against them with sword and pistol, riding some of them down by main force of his horse. In the conflict the poor woman fell from behind him, and was instantly murdered before the husband's face; for the female cannibals cut her throat, and fell to sucking her blood with as great a gust as if it had been wine. This done, they ripped up her belly, and pulled out her entrails. Such a dreadful spectacle made the man make the more obstinate resistance, expecting the same fate if he fell into their hands. It pleased Providence, while he was engaged, that twenty or thirty from the same fair came together in a body: upon which Sawney Beane and his blood-thirsty clan withdrew, and made the best of their way through a thick wood to their den.

This man, who was the first that had ever fell in their way, and came off alive, told the whole company what had happened, and shewed them the horrid spectacle of his wife, whom the murderers had dragged to some distance, but had no time to carry her entirely off. They were struck with stupefaction and amazement at what he related, took him with them to Glasgow, and told the affair to the Provost of that city, who immediately sent to the King concerning it.

In about three or four days after, his Majesty himself in person, with a body of about four hundred men, set out for the place where this dismal tragedy was acted, in order to search all the rocks and thickets,

that, if poſſible, they might apprehend the helliſh crew who had been ſo long pernicious to all the weſtern parts of the kingdom.

The man who had been attacked was the guide; and care was taken to have a large number of blood-hounds with them, that no human means might be wanting towards their putting an entire end to theſe cruelties.

No ſign of any habitation was to be found for a long time; and even when they came to the wretches' cave, they took no notice of it, but were going to purſue their ſearch along the ſea-ſhore, the tide being then out. But ſome of the blood-hounds luckily entered this Cimmerian den, and inſtantly ſet up a moſt hideous barking, howling, and yelping; ſo that the King, with his attendants, came back, and looked into it. They could not yet tell how to conceive that any thing human could be concealed in a place where they ſaw nothing but darkneſs. Nevertheleſs, as the blood-hounds encreaſed their noiſe, went farther in, and refuſed to come back again, they began to imagine there was ſome reaſon more than ordinary. Torches were now immediately ſent for, and a great many men ventured in through the moſt intricate turnings and windings, till at laſt they arrived at that private receſs from all the world, which was the habitation of theſe monſters.

Now the whole body, or as many of them as could, went in, and they were all ſo ſhocked at what they beheld, that they were almoſt ready to ſink into the earth. Legs, arms, thighs, hands, and feet of men, women, and children, were hung up in rows, like dried beef. A great many limbs lay in pickle; and a great maſs of money, both gold and ſilver, with watches, rings, ſwords, piſtols, and a large quantity of cloaths, both linen and woollen, and an infinite number of other things, which they had taken from thoſe whom they had murdered, were thrown together in heaps, or hung up againſt the ſides of the den.

Sawney's family at this time, beſides himſelf, conſiſted of his wife, eight ſons, ſix daughters, eighteen

grandſons and grand-daughters, who were all begotten in inceſt. Theſe were all ſeized and pinioned by his Majeſty's order, in the firſt place: then they took what human fleſh they found, and buried it in the ſands; afterwards loading themſelves with the ſpoils which they found, they returned to Edinburgh with their priſoners; all the country, as they paſſed along, flocking to ſee this curſed tribe. When they were come to their journey's end, the wretches were all committed to the Tolbooth, from whence they were the next day conducted under a ſtrong guard to Leith, where they were all executed without any proceſs, it being thought needleſs to try creatures who were even profeſſed enemies to mankind.

The men had firſt their privy-members cut off, and thrown into the fire before their faces; then their hands and legs were ſevered from their bodies; by which amputation, they bled to death in ſome hours. The wife, daughters, and grand-children, having been made ſpectators of this juſt puniſhment inflicted on the men, were afterwards burnt to death in three ſeparate fires. They all died without the leaſt ſigns of repentance; but continued curſing and venting the moſt dreadful imprecations to the very laſt gaſp of life.

FINIS.

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